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Here in the Land of Emil, we all agree with the old Thai believe of Freedom (as the word Thai translates to FREE) that states "you are **FREE** to do anything you want as long as you do **NO** harm to others or take away from their ability to do the same."

In keeping with this; this is a vaccine passport FREE zone and no visas are required, either. This volume has been a long time in coming mostly due to Emil's cat-like belief that "one shouldn't s*** in one's own front lawn." (can't use the word "shit" in print here in Singapore)

Since, Emil is stranded in Penang...we say what the H*** (can't say that either).

SEINE









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Here I sit in my office with a very pictorial view of Singapore Harbor with the lights of our futurist city state shining bright out over the ink black of this moonless night and I think of Emil stuck now for almost 16 months, rotting away in a windowless Virus Lodge where it now seems that many of his fellow expats might have had a point in "This is where they sent all of us Foreign Devils to die..."

Even in the troubling sight of the clear decline of their mental sharpness and interment in Virus Lodge(s) with Cable TV/Fed Ex Deliveries; they dare to speak to this truth not to the intent but the result of this Dawn of this New Reset where faceless bureaucrats hold unlimited, the draconian power of life/death and will surely skate free from ever having to









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answer for their abuses not unlike the Khmer Rouge did in Cambodia unless the Jesuits of Truth (like Emil) try to cry out their damning testament from deep in the belly of this beast – ground zero in the Virus Lockdown Plague.

While this is **NOT** reserved only to Emil's location but many of us across this globe see that these Angels of Justice risk banishment to warn the vast majority who are willing to remain sleepy, take the knee and obey their orders no matter how stupid or repressive they have become...we do so to continue to live in proper society.

Here at WWWG we are no different.

While I strongly disagree with Emil's painting us as cruel, greedy corporate slave masters;









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we are still a business and as such, we are much more restrictive in our voice as our opinions are rightfully dictated by our crack legal beagle (Miss Kimmy), our accounting guru, Mr. Charles and our newly established marketing team; all of whom see a greater need to stay in business (we do employ a lot of people to include Emil).

As such...it is (many times) my not so pleasant duty to edit, remove or soften some of Emil's soap box truths.

I do this to protect the whole.

SORRY EMIL!









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Sometimes, I just ponder if Emil truly believes his Anti-WWWG Propaganda about us being his "Economic Slave Masters" or if it only part of a bigger plan to play the **WOKE** crowd to the fact that he is but a victim of a greedy corporation that keeps him in economic chains?

"Another round of Emil for ya, Partner."

SEINE







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Campers! I was sitting in our favorite pub — which I will fail to name as Seine and the rest of us regular patrons would prefer it to stay that way...I am sure the pub owner would be extremely upset by my lack of a courteous promotion as he sees all of us as undesirables, sad-sack deplorables with no sense of decency to do right by him and that each of us processes too fat a bar tab — which, given our current economic resources, he may never see a profit from...

I was reading Facebook Messages for our web page and a couple of messages took me back...









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"This new story seems like it is a good story teaser but, DAM! I needed to get a dictionary to look up all of these phrases you peppered into the story...I looked some up and it was interesting but, it took a lot of work and thought that I normally don't need to get your usual postings..."

This was the general consensus on the story you just read (I assume you read) and I like totally agree with all the kind readers who took the time to comment...

See...this story was written back in the early 1980's and in the days, I was attempting to become the next Max Kailua...based upon real events but, with a need to "save my skin" from some serious, bad people who didn't want the story told, I hid it very well...none of









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them were ever the smarter that I exposed their mass genocide, murder and political corruption. I even moved the story to a completely different continent.

Regrettably, I did such a good job, that nobody ever really figured out the truthiness in the story or at least, if they did, I hope that they were smart enough to let it go, in order to live a happy, normal life.

This version comes a little bit, somewhat more direct to a follow-able story line...sadly, it is still not safe to come out with a normal Emil retelling of this evil event...mostly, because some of these same butchers, they are still amongst the living, seemingly, more powerful than ever...









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There are a few of the senior players that wrought this human tragedy...who have escaped humanity's punishment...seems like, even God seems uneasy to call them to even a final judgement.

They walk freely amongst us, boldly as the power brokers that they went on to be and more than a few, took to the cloth and now lecture us in early morning mass, they tell us about brotherhood, the need to respecting your fellow man and an somewhat eerie call for universal forgiveness...go figure!

As time and decades of having history rewritten, mixing and matching with the ever changing social norms of each descending generation; the story may forever be lost and if









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recalled, it with be twisted, spin and dried to make a butcher, a murder, to make them a hero...Why don't I let this go?

Why don't I just tell the whole storm without the added, mumbo-gumbo, all those stupid and pointless verbiage that only a Lit Major would appreciate...?

There is no simple answer as I have spent all these years torn between what my grandmother taught me as a youth, "If you see evil and you fail to raise your voice in protest then, you are as guilty as those who did the deed!" with the need to, really, with a simple desire to stay alive...and like any old soldier, die at an extremely old age in a warm, soft bed with a young girl (a quarter of my age)...









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Many of you would say I am a coward, yet more will dismiss me as "Bull-Shit," many of you will call me a washed up, old hack without the ability to write in proper English...

Yet more will quickly and forcibly dismiss my well hidden tale as just another West Texas Tall Tales and will remind each of you, that the adage of any great, West Texas Tall Tale is that you don't let the truth stand in the way of a good story...

Right Beto?

OH Well!

Make up your own mind, see if you can decipher the story, embedded in the dictionary, mumbo-gumbo...Let me know what you find...









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Quietly I confused that I was again having nightmares where I was again awaiting in yet another cue for yet another final verdict, in always such a rush to judgement then, only to be cast into "Line #9" to await for yet another morning's dawn to rush up over the towering peaks of the highlands and descend down upon us with its drawn long knifes, of blinding light, slashing out wildly towards us...

"YES BACK IN HONG KONG!"

Then, I went on to tell her about the booming voice that kept repeating: "You are a valued citizen but, all of our social workers are assisting other valuable citizens







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right now...please stay online...we are tracking your IP Address and civil authorities will soon arrive to further assist you...thank you for being a good Socialist!"

She looked me in the eye, she didn't stutter and in a new found sense of courage, she explained that in the most difficulties of the subject at hand, "it stands to common sense, to any sense of logical reason, that there are some lessons that must be relearned in the open pursuit of a deeper, a more hidden, vestige of forgotten knowledge..."

Pausing to catch and regain my attention (as I do have a slight issue with what they call ADA), she added:

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"Who can tell us the story?"

Need I say that I somehow figured the correct answer that she was seeking but for which I was not prepared to take on as my mission...

Instead, with a bold, straight face, I looked her directly in the eyes, and yet, without the slightest hesitation...all I could mumble was:

(Take care, as here comes yet another in what seems like an endless string of self-promoting and shameless plugs from my other website...)

"If I could pick your pocket...I would but, I would truly give a full 10% to Save the Whales..." Campers...You know me well and I must say that you are so...correct, without even a







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challenge from me...I will not tap dance around you, I am unable to evade or I am unable to duck your charge...

"Guilty your Honor...But, I am a rather sick man...toxic...yes that too! Did I mention,
I am white of the pale persuasion, also..."

I DO HAVE NO SHAME!









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"Spirals of Memories lost in transit out of the matrix"

Caught your attention...????

Many years ago, I was given a revelation...NOT quite a "Road to Damascus" Moment but still; my previous studies dating back to my early days in Sunday School...in Chapter 12 we are told of a great war in heaven...a war of salvation or liberation depending upon which side you were on and this spills over into Chapter 13 which tells us that we all carry the

"Mark of the Beast."

My old time Preacher thought that this was to be burned into our foreheads Not unlike the









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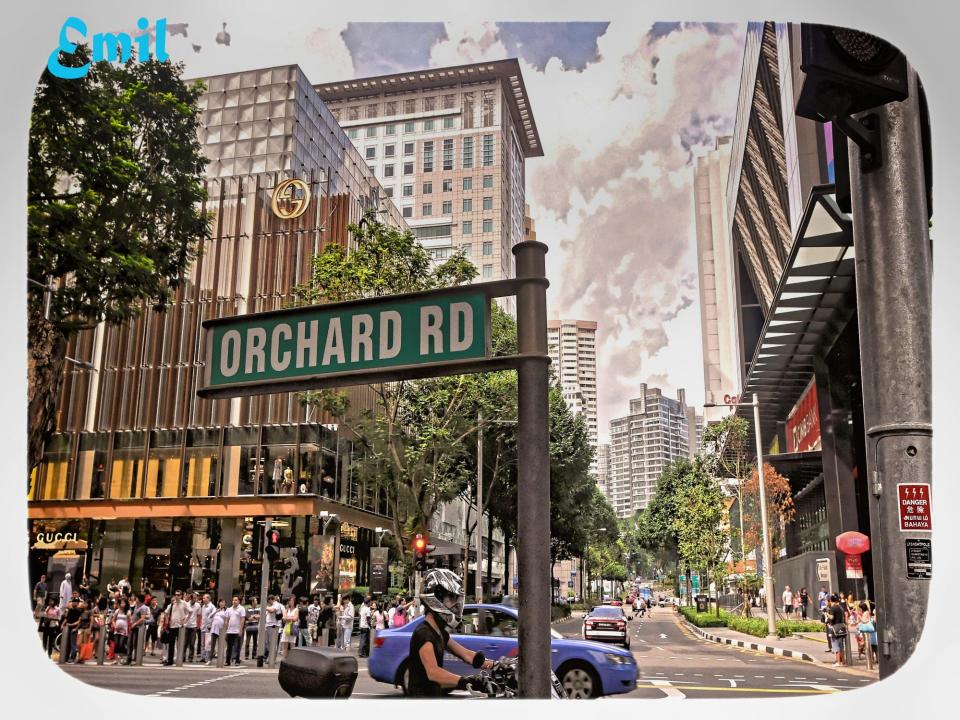
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numbers tattooed on prisoners at Yad Vashem...

His son (he himself a preacher of a latter time) updated this dire warning to be "scannable barcodes" due to advancement in technologies.

But, in my awoken revelation, the truth bordered upon almost Science Fiction and relates to an ancient symbolic intersectionalism that may relate to a hidden genetic fault in our DNA and was hidden in plain sight (as most great secrets are).

Previously enlightened gurus have come close to stumbling upon the truth(s) by means of Aura Studies but, lacked the modern technology to go beyond their privative research. Medial DNA Scientists never saw it, either as they drilled far down below the correct level









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and got lost in the numbers of Human Algorithms.

Until now, this was a deep secret understood by a vast majority of underground Mystery Schools of the Eleusinian Klans although their ancient laws prevented them from confirming my findings. Under threats to have my Karma Cancelled much in the same manner as this new age's WOOKIE, Social Warriors from the Lands of TWIT silence modern-day, Jesuits of Truth with collective treats of negative Social Credit Scores written the Great Ledge of Social Rigorousness before the alter of the Dawn of the Grand Social Reset.

As my Social Credit Score hovers near a minus 10,000 points and there are numerous restraining orders that already prevent me for normal intersectionalism with a large portion









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of Proper Society; I fear no threat and am liberated by all this to share my research. Each of the below illustrations started as a picture of some rather well-known personages and others (jus) random snapshots of people on the street and each through a secret process related to "Fracture Valorant" unrelated to similar research in Santa Fe but with some of the same processes; and they were reduced to the illustrations as seen below. Due to a pressing legal issue...our legal beagle, Ms. Kimmie has warned against identifying any of those illustrated below.

Although, I originally had not connected the dots; a Hopi Research fellow remarked in his peer review that most resembled what his faith refers to as "the "Eye of God" and towards





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my own revelation(s) I do now see the connection as my faith always thought that God was within each of us...

I dare go no future as the demon haters of faith amongst the milling crowds of WOOKIE Social Warriors (dressed in their distinct uniform of a designer black hoodie...made by the slave labor of the CCP...and matching backpack filled with expensive bottle of frozen, spring water) are amassing outside the main offices of my employer (WWWG) and the receptionist just went home on sick leave as Seine locked all the doors while badmouthing my name mixed with utter slanderous words of disrespect that we can not publish here due to the Decency Laws" in Singapore.









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Thank goodness, I am far away in Penang...

Still! I hear you Seine...

My suggestion to Seine was to encourage him to send Mr. Chucky Cheese out there to deal with them WOOKIE Thugs amassed outside the corporate office(s) as I have been told that he still has cousins (more-or-less) related to my little buddies in the HK Branch of the CCP Thought Police...that is just my thought!

Seine! No need to get nasty!









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Against all odds!

Some battles can be won and if you have followed my continual Spartacus Moment & Effort (sorry for ripping you off Corey!), then you know that the odds were offering at about 100-to-1 against this being ever seen in print - not a reasonable bet for any regular gambling man of honor, even a crooked Wall Street Wiz would walk away from this one...unless you shorted it.

I know it was going off at about 100-to-1 on the WWWG Office Betting Pool (actually illegal here in Singapore...food for thought...huh? Chucky?)

I am sure of the rate as kind of, sort of...I am the one who set the odds for the WWWG Pool









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before I reported Chucky (WWWG's thug head accountant and resident Emil hater) to the Anti-Gambling Commission...

Did you know that the Anti-Gambling Commission actually offers a sizable reward..guess that I can go get Fish Tacos from the Mexican Food just up the street from me here in Little India when they close that ugly gambling den at WWWG Inc...

Anyway!

This is now in properly in print...a historical testament and to see it being sold at such an unbelievably, unrealistic price...brings me to tears.









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Maybe, this is a large part of why I am so dirt poor instead of living the lifestyle of other

CRAZY RICH SINGAPOREANS!

You would just think that WWWG could of, might have bumped them up at least a buck...still pennies for this humble, starving crusader against the Merchants of the Untruths...but...a penny goes much further over here than it does where you are from...Rum and Cigars are still priced for a poor man to enjoy.

I was thinking...let me run this business opportunity by you...

Here is my plan for each of you to form a multi-level, reading group...modeled after Amway.









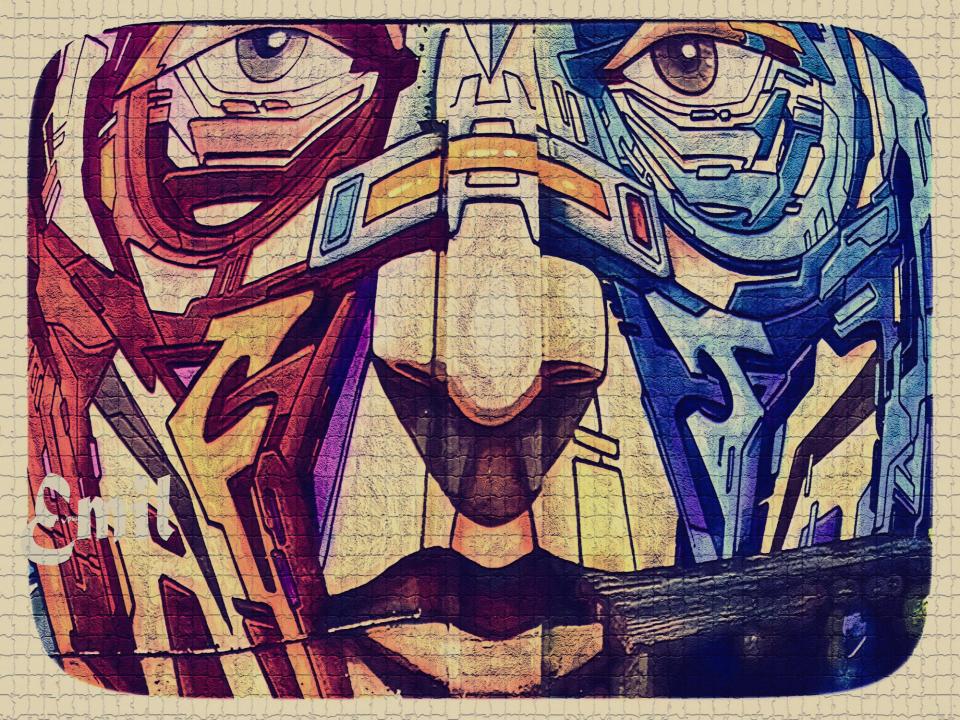
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Do ya see where I am going with this...dudes...duddettes?

I am thinking that you upscale this dirt cheap price to all your friends and neighbors (at least the ones you don't like that much)...you get a cut, WWWG steals most of it but I will actually get a few more pennies to pay my cable...as you know, hacking cable is a serious crime here in Singapore..

Friends, the truth been know and in the need for transparency is that I can't...like...I really can't afford to be thrown out of yet another country...the list of places I can still legally go...it has become a shorter and shorter list...down to that of an index card - if I am being like totally truthful!









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Campers!

It is on you...buy the book and saving me from a serious caining and maybe deportation...back to Hong Kong????

OK! I heard that...

How much would you actually be willing to pay to see me cained?

Was that a serious offer or ya just talking through nose
(I can not say the actual word "butt" in Singapore...we have strict moral laws here).

If you can get a few more readers on board...I am thinking a "pay-per-view"

event...LIVE...from Singapore!

Think about it...it is on your dime!









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There always must come a moment when time no longer matters...

You no longer look at it as a straight, unbroken line of progression but rather see it for what it really, what it always was...merely suggestions, misunderstandings, speed-bumps and hopefully, some interesting stories to share as you stand on line waiting to see St. Peter...









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This seems like a strange place to start this story but, it all seems to link back and tie into the moment that I stepped down from the city transit bus and as if to be waiting there to greet me were the Twin Sirens...

I didn't see the likeness that other people had made to comparing them to the

SIRENS IN THE "TALES OF BRAVE ULYSSES."

But, hey! That could be just on me...and my lack of what my snooty, Progressive Friend(s) called a "Classical Education...where all those spoiled, pampered and "clueless to real life" children of the rich and famous were warehoused on school!"









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days and trained in the greater skills like "Socialism for Fun and Profit."

I went to standard, scary, inner-city and urban plighted public schools.

Here, in the park, the Sirens held high court and sway over the transient group that flowed through the park coming and going to work in this middle class grotto....

As tempting as it might have been to linger on, I followed the crowds that flowed and broke around the Sirens and their seductive and persuasive call to abandon reality and join in their celebration of the day...

"SUNSHINE, LOLLIPOPS...RAINBOWS EVERYWHERE!"









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New book near done...

WOW! SO QUICK? DID YOU SAY?

It is getting close to end of the month and my landlady made it very clear to me, just today, that her two real big nephews - directly out of National Service; (I have met them and they are extremely big...not fat...by anyone's standards in a way that I believe it betrays their actual Manchurian Ancestry...They grow them very big up there...anyway, they are much bigger than me!!) would be by on rent day...









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She was actually excited as she went on to explained in glowing terms while flashing me with that evil smile of her's (the one she gives you after she tells you that she has just turned off you water, changed the locks and tried to report you for cable theft) as she told me that they will be by early on rent day while also noting in her passing way of fake indifference that is her stock-n-trade as an evil landlady, seems that they had just bought a great big truck with their National Service Separation Bonus and they were looking to do a little moonlighting as furniture movers...









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She is very low key in her rent notices...So...this does, in fact, it does prove my point that true creativity is born out of the chaos of necessity and this is why I am working so hard to get this new book done...

BEFORE RENT DAY!

My mother went through her whole live truly feeling that she was without fault or to blame for all the craziness that she wrought as there was always someone else to blame and if she





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could not identify an actual person then, it was an extended discussion on how the

"ALL WORLD HAD DONE ME WRONG..."

I am sorry upfront to offend some of the weak-hearted here and am letting you know beforehand, so that you might retreat to your safety zone...right now...three...two...one... But, truly, I wake up some days and read messenger or tweeter and I feel that my mom has somehow taken over the world...or has infected it with her personal insanity...her inability to take responsibility and stare down the ugliness of her life and merely have the courage to say "I know you are but what am I..." Attitude instead her constant mantra of defense









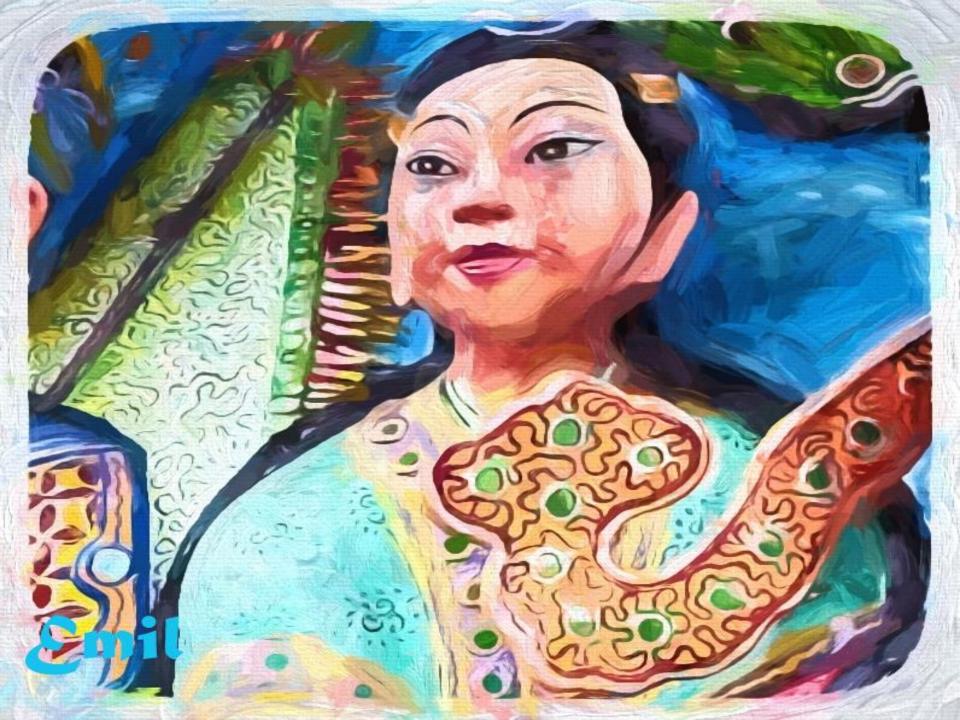
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"I am pure and you are utter scum for not agreeing with my views..."

We...the sane...have turned society over to the return of the worse evil group think since the later days of the French Revolution with its own roaming, PC trolling gangs who have made an oath to destroy the lives of all those who excel beyond their group's collective inability to do so, too...not so much out of an inability but, out of the lack, many times, to merely try...

I am sorry, again, as I understand that being WOKE means never having to actually try...never expand beyond who/what you currently are...I am sorry, I do, I truly forget as it is not in my personal DNA...so, can you actually then, can I be personally blamed or did your





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personal lack to try trigger me?

I am getting ready to re-offend...please do not leave you safe zone just yet!!!!

The way I explained to my mom was that "the world is in fact, it is a mean, cruel place where no one actually cares enough to openly plot so much evil on a total stranger... besides, I was there and I remember your story radically different...from what I personally saw, you had a lot more to actually do with the true outcome...

than you are willing to give yourself credit for..."

So to all my Ukrainian Twitter Trolls working at the DNC National Call Center (right outside of Kiev) many of the things that happen are really your own fault not mine because you are







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the one who never really tried or gave up trying to be an artist/writer because you were so thin skinned that you could not look your potential failures or your lack of pride accusers straight in the eye and did not have the strength, the actual courage, the faith in your own ability(s) and you never took the time to actually say

"I KNOW YOU ARE BUT WHAT AM I?...."

Become awake...instead of this WOKE nonsense, get up out of your mom's basement and start to live a free life in the real world...it will be what you make of it...it is on you to do not for me or us to do for you...it is your future dudes, not mine...that is the true key to success









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but, it had been "plastics" before you made them the scourge of the planet...

I still believe in plastic straws as my constitutional right!!!!!

THANK YOU...

You can come out of your safe zone now my little WOKE children of America... No more so than today...we could all use a safe harbor, a secret beach cove to hide ourselves away on...to desert, flee the endless screams of hatred, the anger on the Headline, Cable News and the sheer utter nonsense of the chaos that envelops around us in this "Totally Modern Millie" World...in which we all have been cast down into...by a God with a funny but a warped sense of humor...ya think?









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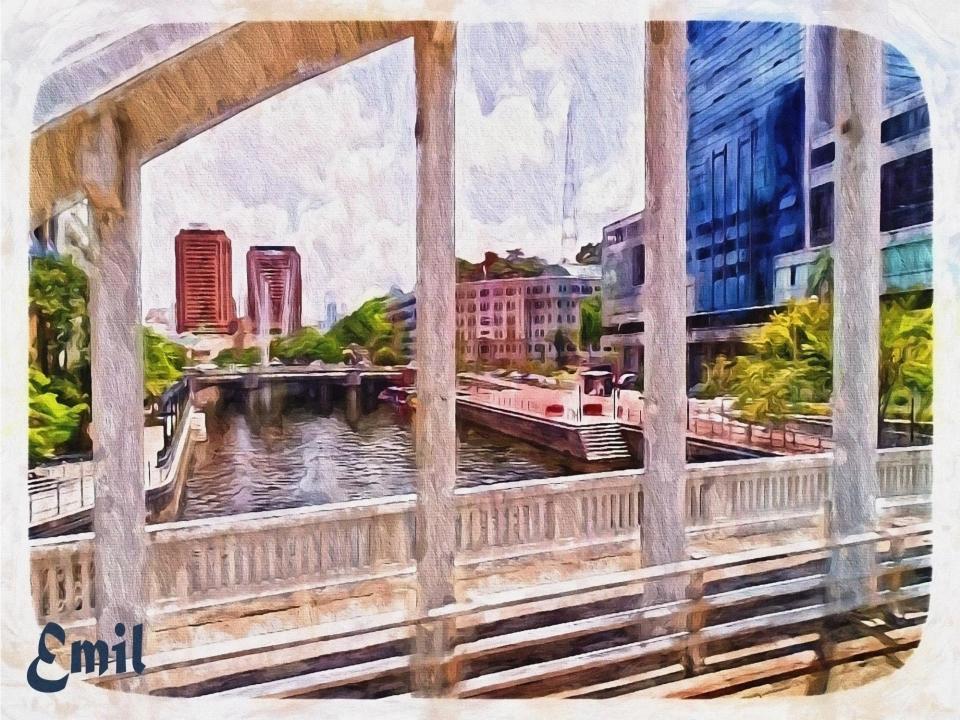
GATHER TOGETHER CHILDREN!

Yet another month has disappeared from my 1987 desktop calendar...

Yes! I do understand that this is not 1987 but, it was on discount down at the Dollar Store...and, Campers, a discount at the Dollar store is nothing to easily walk away from... It kind of works, at least, the months are the same but, I do need to make adjustments on matching up the actual days of the week.

Do you know how much this has allowed me to save towards the core basics of a livable life, Cuban Rum and Cigars?

The answer is a lot...well kind of, sort of...especially if you ever priced new calendars down







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at the Big C (Asia's Big Box Store - still no endorsement fees offered!)

Why have I wasted so much type to such a stupid topic, you already know how cheap I am?

It is to show you what utter poverty truly looks like and has forced upon me...

Being forced into living in this utter economic state of almost 5th World poverty even while living in a place surrounded by Crazy, Super Rich Singaporeans and their assembled minions of the working class stiffs (literally millions) seemingly devoted almost entirely to offer service to their Master Classes newest, wildest desires or demands; this has so beaten me down that I am so easily brow-beaten by those swine, corporate thugs (Mister Chucky and his clan of socialist accountants) here at the equally socialist-leaning WWWG and the









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cruelty of my lack of a voice in this system is the reason this book was created – to appease the whims' of Seine...So, here we are?

Got a smoke, buddy?

Monday morning and have been working on the new Paris book...complicated, foolishly, I have turned it meaninglessly into a many step process and it has become very time consuming...already posted samples...burry-eyed, exhausted from working since early last evening...without a break...thought that I was really on a roll but, in the end. ..as of right now, only was able to get about 10 actually done...

Can't really explain, don't really understand why I needed to complicate this process...????







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Whatz????

WHAT'S YA MEAN SUCK IT UP????

What ya saying that this is an easy gig and all I can do is artificially feel sorry for myself and have a pitiful "cry for me Argentina," sorry like Woke kind of attitude.

Yes, you are right....it is much better than having to actually be getting up and having to go to work in some life sucking office job...they do suck and I understand better than most that point as for all those zombie years I allowed it...allowed it to freely ravage my fragile spirit...yes, for all of those meaningless years...actually, for several a generation, if I am









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NO VACCINE PASSPORT REQUIRED!

being totally truthful!!!

My dear, departed brother John is again proven to be correct in that a mind is truly a terrible thing...especially when, you allow it a free run without any Cuban Rum to slow it down...ran out and the local store are not allowed to sell spirits on Sunday...but, seeing that Singapore is not a Christian based, political system; this somehow makes no sense...but, then again, this chewing gum thing where mere possession of even a single pack of chewing gum is a serious crime worth being canned and imprisoned makes even less...

If I wasn't so tired, I would go to sleep!

Its complicated...I. need to finish this project so that I have some pocket change when I go







RAFFLES HOTEL

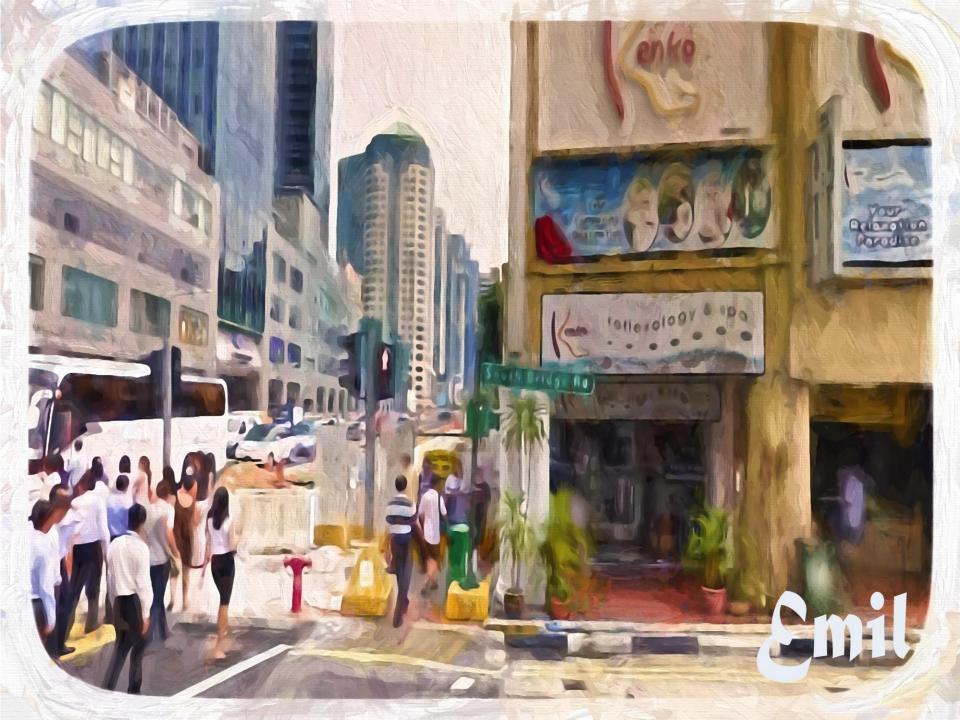
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to Kyoto in about ten days as you know how expensive Japan is for poor, destitute travelers like me and how super cheap those accounting swines at WWWG are...and I. was truly hoping that I would be able to dine more than once a day at 7 - 11's ready made food display...

Traveling with a shoe string budget is a terrible thing and the more that I have the time to actual lay in bed and think about it may well be the true reason that I still sitting here, blurry-eyed thinking "Maybe try and get some more done...???"

Great...now it seems that I must have woken my neighbor's rather aggressive, transgender chicken (the one who believes itself to be a full fighting rooster) and who is now trying it's







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best, it is surely making up for all that lost time by crowing, non-stop, at full volume, announcing a dawn that hasn't yet arrived...heathen...foul...soon to be KFC, a anti-social, socialist...communist street thug...if there was truly ever one...

This is really getting on my last nerve more than sitting here thinking...and now, this hour's...the radio's DJ insists only playing his favorite big band show tunes (He is an old English guy who got his job more or less because of his English accent) is just the icing on this cake...Damn!\$#\$!

HOW MORE CAN I BE TORMENTED???

In between worrying about starving to death in Kyoto at the hands of greedy, socialist







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accountant thugs, gay, transgender chickens crowing non-stop and now, some old English guy playing big band show tunes on the radio when it is an oldies station (just not that old...dude...like you are the only one still alive who remembers Benny Goodman...at least play some Cole Porter or even some vintage Sam Cooke instead or better yet, some classical Spike Jones...don't make me come down there to the station to take you to see old Uncle Joe Biden out at the wood shack and let him clean your clock...ya bubbly!!! Dude...We are Americans!!! We are exceptionable...!#\$#)..

Can't you see where the sheer humanity of this situation would lead even a reasonable man to start drinking??? (Drinking? Well, it isn't like I could be chewing gum instead...is it???)

Opps@\$!# It's still Sunday...Sometimes you can't win...







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What a day...the train broke down at Preng for an hour...didn't get to the airport till almost 8 am...the one time I wanted to check my bag...they charged me 1300baht...

Now it is after 8 am...ok...the flight doesn't start boarding till 8.30...easy breezy...
immigration is never but 15 minutes...what I hadn't expected was that every Chinese tour group in the universe were trying to leave at actually this very moment in time...

By the time I finished...I figured I had missed my flight...Thank God for cheap airlines...they hadn't left and I made it with 2 minutes to share...switched to the isle seat with this Chinese couple...so I got the window seat...how many tourist does it take to get to the window seat???...No video...No movies...when they brought peanuts, I wanted some till they







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said \$4 USD...and it wasn't a big bag...now I understand why everyone had their own food...the family behind me looked like they had brought TV dinners...make a note!

Got to Singapore and I always come early in the am...like @ 4 am...as there are no crowds...

Hoped that this would go quick...wrong again...as it seems that all those Chinese tour groups were not headed home after all...and they got in front of me while I had this guy hand inspect my wallet...including...a secret, zippered compartment....I had to open it for him to inspect...but he never found the chewing gum we sewed into the suitcase lining. Needless to say...it was another long delay but, getting to the hotel was a no brainier...

They have a super shuttle to the main hotels for \$9 Singapore which is about \$5 USD...

Got me here by three...got checked in and it is a real nice room...about the same as the









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Bangkok Berkley but has a bath and separate shower....hope that they have hot water.... thanks for all the help....support...and the secret stash of chewing gum got thru Customs.

NEXT DAY:

Hope you are better...I did several Hindu temples...today...Tiger Balm Garden was closed...they are redoing it...bummer...it's kind of my tradition to go there every trip...at the Chinese Temple, they took the time to actual walk me around and personally show me the many signs...seems that they did have a lot of them posted... that say in multi languages







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and with pictures that you can't take pictures...found the MRT Subway and it is in the mall... I got lost trying to get out the mall...took an hour....panic attack....Had a pizza last night...do you know how long it has been????...Why...it was a California Pizza...California? I know! I didn't know their pizzas were famous...Although, it was next to the Rolex Store?

IT WAS STILL A PIZZA...

The Hindu temple guy got all bent out of shape...I mean I am really respective of people using the temple and I even paid the three dollars to take pictures...they had a workman walkway and it was not roped off...so I got up there to get a better picture...just as I am









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getting the shot...this Hindu guy in a Chevy HEMI Truck Tee-shirt starts...not yelling...but screaming at me...I respectively explained that it was not marked or roped off...and if it is so holy...bubba...put a sign???...then it went sideways from there...as a crowd was gathering...

I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE...

In America, there is a Walgreens or CVS on every corner...got a headache...no problem...go get some medicine...for a modern city...that prides itself as the cutting edge...forget it...if you find a pharmacy...it is usually some Chinese auntie trying to sell you dragon tooth pills...that if you take for twenty years under a full moon...then, you will still have a headache...









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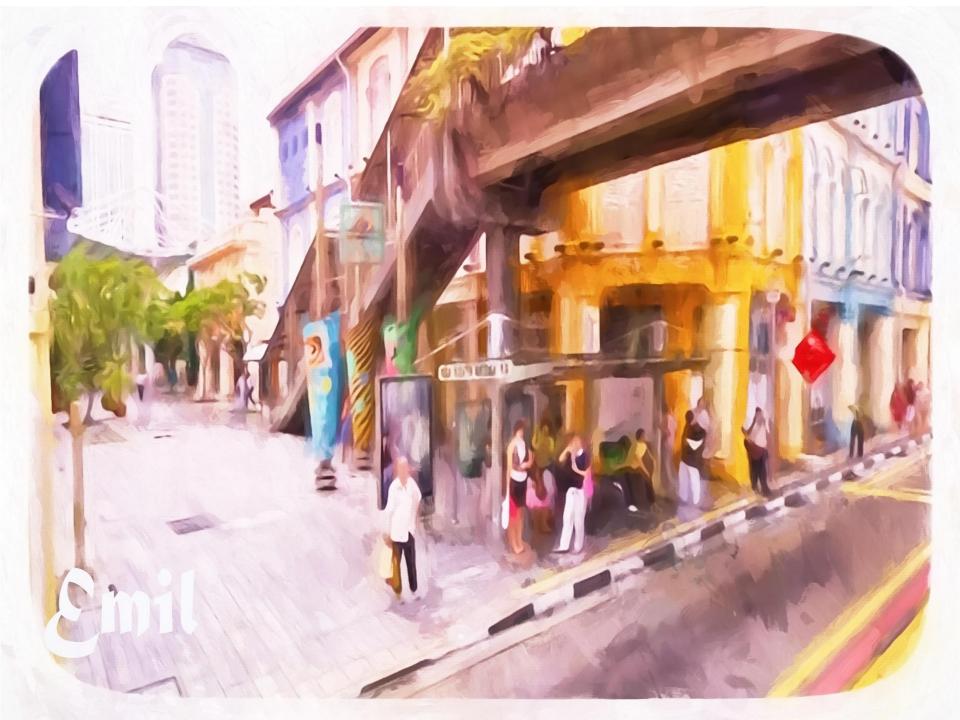
NO VACCINE PASSPORT REQUIRED!

so...it came down to the mall...I remember seeing a Watsons...not a real drug store in an American idea but, it was at the mall...which one...which floor???...OMG!!!

Got back to that Ono Mall again...where I just barely made it out that evil basement maze...

BUT, I HAD A HEADACHE...NO CHOICE...THIS WAS AT 7 PM...

what I failed to remember was that there are more ugly, rude Chinese Tourists than there are Singaporeans...roaming the mall in shopping packs...such a rude people...the communist trained these people very well to believe that they truly are the children of God (Mao)...the greatest power in the world and they act just like all those ugly Americans did back in the day...the are so loud, disrespectful to everyone but another Child of God...they will walk









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NO VACCINE PASSPORT REQUIRED!

right into you if you don't stand aside...the girls are worse than Japanese school girls...mix Japanese school girls with valley girls and these Chinese would mop the floor of the worst of the Beverly Hills High School Kids...and they look at you as if you are below an Indian untouchable... when they need to push you out of their way...

what I had not counted on was that they would all show up at Omi Mall at the same time... I fear that I will again get lost and I won't find my way out of the sub basement of the mall...

I STUMPED ACROSS THIS STRANGE SUPER MARKET...

full of thousands of Chinese tourists fighting each other for overpriced cans of beans...there on the other side of this fighting mob...the sign said pharmacy...against all common sense...









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I waded into the zombie shopping horde...fighting my way thru...dodging old aunties and their swing elbows...it is a shame that the Chinese never embraced the roller derby... as these old aunties would have ruled the ring...The original "Mean Momma Rollers!" Got over to the pharmacy...which was full of Chinese imitation pills and tiger balm...all I could find was baby, Bayer Aspirin...I asked the clerk...have anything stronger????

HE LOOKED AT ME AS IF I HAD ASKED HIM TO SELL ME METH OR CRACK....

Why would you need stronger...?? Explaining made thinks worse and I decided to get the \$6 bottle of baby aspirin and figured I could take half the bottle tonight and the rest in the am...worse...panic set in because the Chinese tourist hordes had pushed and shuffled me so









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NO VACCINE PASSPORT REQUIRED!

much and I had been carried down the endless isles by the endless sea of loud, ugly and rude humanity...I didn't know where I was and worse there are no signs to say this way back to Orchard Road...it's all underground, bunker basements of endless retail...no way to get a sense of your surrounding or able to see the stars to get your bearings ...panic attack... I almost gave up...swore that if I made it back to ground level...

I would never venture into these caverns of evil....NO! Never again...!!!

WELL AT LEAST NOT TILL TOMORROW CAUSE I NEED TO USE THE SUBWAY....

I finally, by luck, made it out of the basement but...I was on the wrong side of the boulevard and there is no crosswalk and it is a capital crime to jaywalk...back into the





POST



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basement caverns...this time I find myself on Orchard Blvd not Orchard Road and again back into the caverns...I was minutes away from giving up and calling a taxi to take me the 600 or so meters back over to my hotel...as I seemed doomed to see it but unable to reach it... I don't know how I finally clawed my way out and onto the right side of Orchard Road...it is almost 10 pm...forget dinner...everything is closed but McDonald's and Popeyes...

THEY HAVE POPEYES HERE...

but, I looked at the menu and had to leave...they want \$21 USD for a meal...love Popeyes but \$21...that's not a bucket but just a meal...I couldn't do it...so McDonald's it was...









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and that is how I spent my night...hope you all are well and not lost in some mall sub basement cavern surrounded by thousands of shopping zombies all shouting rudely in Chinese...they are truly a loud people...Sorry but, I mean...rude is rude...Not proper!

TO BE BOTH LOUD AND RUDE IS A NEGATIVE TO ME...

Leaving in the morning...X-Mas music, trees and lights but, it is 95 degrees and the humidity is like 100000000 per cent....dripping in sweat and wasted from the heat...but...no one says Merry Christmas or even happy holidays...strange...as we are use to the two going together with even the traditional seasonal mall rage and the usual Christmas shopping frenzy... Maybe, it is that the whole nation is based upon going shopping and living beyond their









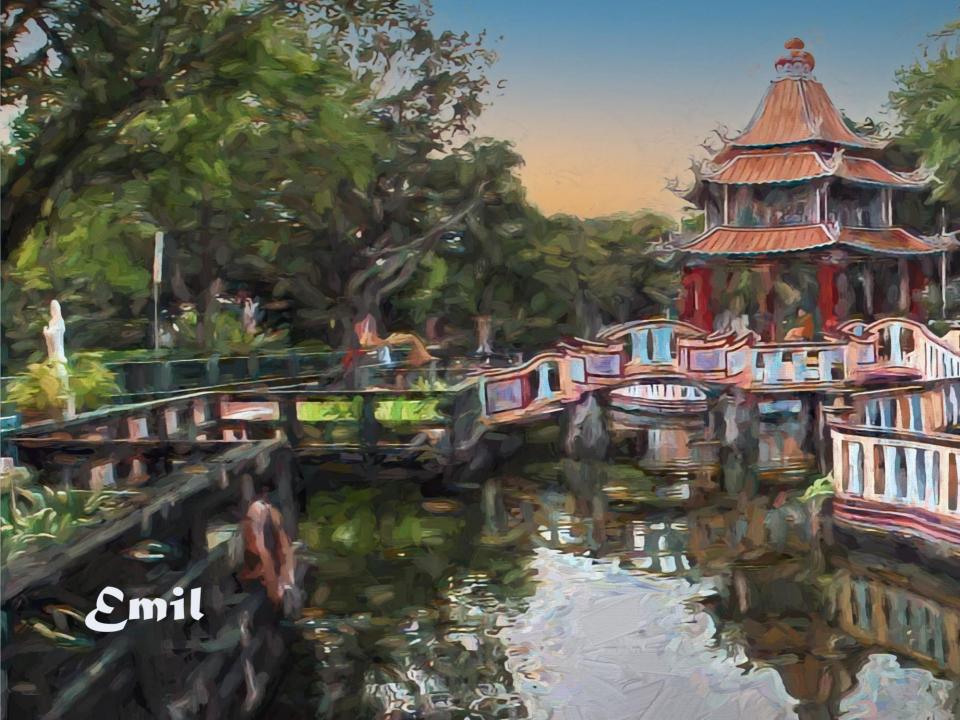
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NO VACCINE PASSPORT REQUIRED!

means...and this is a government imposed thing so maybe, X-Mas is just another national day of buying...or maybe, it is a colonial thing...or who knows...it is just plain strange...

THE VIBE IS JUST ALL WRONG...

Continue to hope you are well...and, that these long postcards are getting thru.... so from this land where it is a capital crime not to go shopping...like Bubba Bush use to say... "Help defeat terrorism by going to the mall" and shop with those new credit cards...Bubba Bush would be proud...they listened...and here it is national pride and economy...it's a Flashback 1990's mall....full of mall brats, hordes of thousands of Chinese, zombie shoppers









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NO VACCINE PASSPORT REQUIRED!

and even the TV has a Spanish language station...yea...I asked as I didn't see many Spaniards hanging out at the mall...it's immigrant labor...Singapore people are required to shop at the malls so they have no time to work there...so they bring in Pilipino/Spanish sales and kitchen staff...although they don't have Pilipino restaurants...very strange...saw a lot of those young, Nepali Men working for Malaysian Foremen at all the construction sites...and the question...the scandal in the news is...how much sand did you get from Cambodia and

WHY DIDN'T YOU PAY THEM...

Maybe...Dewey is right...I'm too old to do this...









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NO VACCINE PASSPORT REQUIRED!

They lied about tiger balm garden being closed...well...it was but, if you walked in the back way and stayed away from where they were working...the Nepali construction workers didn't care...spent the afternoon...got a blister but that was from walking around little India looking for Chinese temples...they were really nice and let me take pictures as long as I stayed out of the chapel where the were having a evening service...nice people!

THIS TEMPLE USE TO BE SEASIDE AND IS DEDICATED TO THE GODDESS OF THE SEA...

all the sailors would come to pray and offer a bribe to the goddess to make sure that they made it ok...now...the temple is landlocked...very far away from the sea...no doubt...thanks to all that Cambodian sand...how much did you use...sorry, it's repeating on the news...









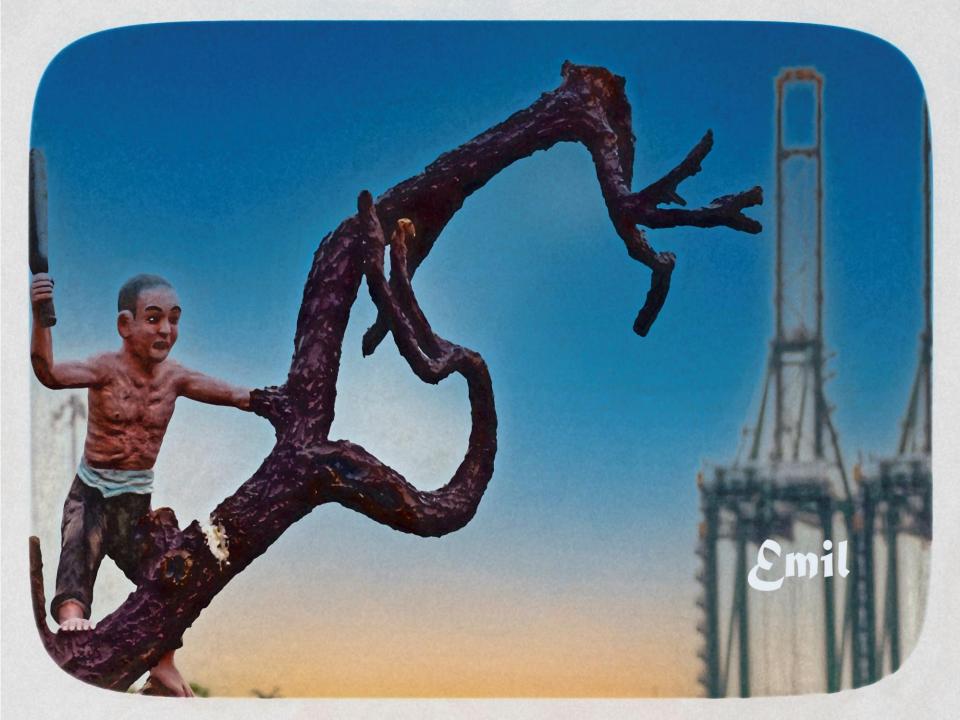
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NO VACCINE PASSPORT REQUIRED!

by the love of the Sea Goddess...it's ONLY sand...!!! anyway...way from all this and back to Work Camp Dewey by this evening... But, thank goodness...no Cambodian sand...was used in it's construction!

LIGHT A CANDLE AND SAY A PRAYER...OH GODDESS...

Why couldn't it be Resort Dewey when I get back...but... maybe that was too much to ask the Sea Goddess for...??? Plane left @ about noon...









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Tony was once a mighty tiger but, that was before he started **TWITTING** over on the TWIT and now, he doesn't even get call backs for cat food commercials on cable.

I warned him that old commercial about putting a "Tiger in your tank" would come back to haunt him, someday!

First they claimed that he was an environmental terrorist for being a tool of oil industry and it didn't matter to the **WOOKIES** that those ads where from 40 years ago...they did seem to care especially after Greta joined in...

(Nice girl and it is so sad to see that she is the first child star of the environmental movement to grow to old to highlight the protests anymore...





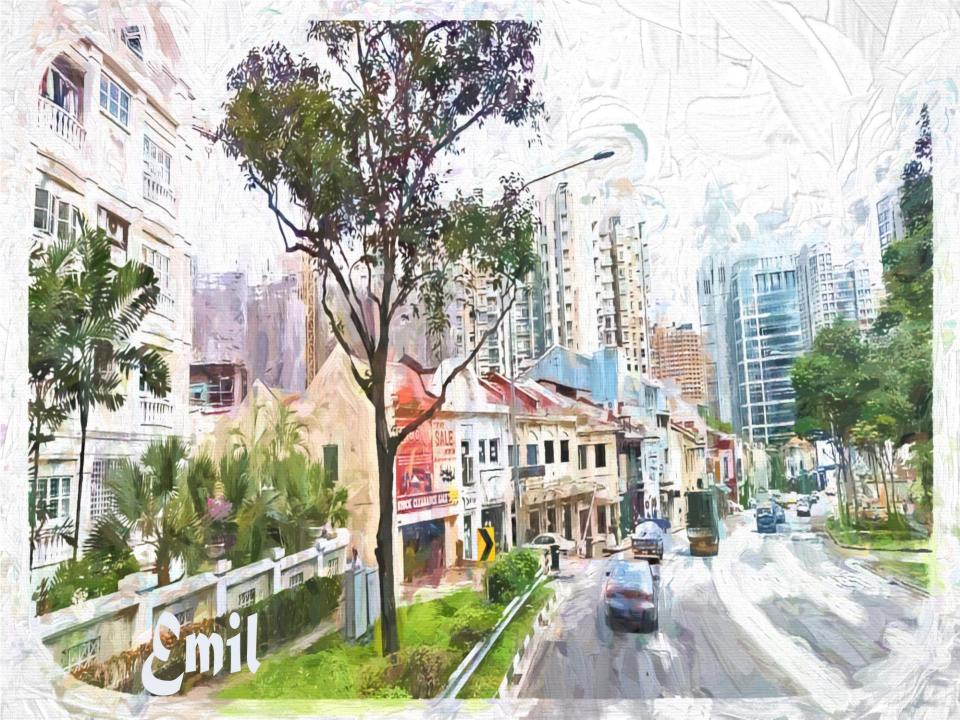




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I hope that unlike most child actors, she will be able to transition to adult roles or maybe she can go back to school and get her GED. I felt so bad when they featured her in the new VH1 Special on "Environmental One-Hit Wonders.") But for my friend Tony, everything fell apart from there and I would even start to tell you what happened when the "METOO" WOOKIES tore into him... So SAD!

On every level, he was a descent sort of fellow and was one hell of a Brando School of Acting star even though, in the end, it type cast him and how many mighty tiger roles are there?









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

It was ever so, like it was so utterly clear; there it was right there in front of us all the time...our conversations have become so unraveled and disjointed to the point that I felt that we were communicated important thoughts and feelings in separate language with subtitles written in some Mongolian Dialect.

There was no sense hiding in the lingering, fractured conversations in which we, I believe; we tried our best to master the art of tapdancing around the 800 pound gorilla of truth that occasionally smiled and offered up a nod of agreement as we worked our way past the reality that going forward...our paths were set to diverge and I was really sadden by having to admit that there was to be no more me and you...wondering how I could every grow to accept all of this as true.









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

I had over about a week or so, I truly tried my best in a final, one last attempt...my last salvage attempt to reverse our course, to turn us away from the rocky shores and so,

I BOUGHT YOU A PUPPY

Standing out here in the ruins, straining to see the red sun disappearing amongst all of these assembled, the gathered, the out stretched collection of ancient headstones speaking to me in any number of lost languages that whispered rumors about entire lifetimes only now remember by cryptic dates written on either edge of the deeply etched, a dividing dash line...









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

Here right below me lays abandoned love ones and dreams buried under these finely polished, marble testaments and in my distorted and dysfunction state of mind, this did seem a proper setting for sorting out what seemed to be the tattered remains of what had been and I seemed to be caught in this endless loop of

"JUST HOW OUR RELATION HAD SLIPPED SO EASILY AWAY?"

In such moments, in times of such these highly fraught, sheer emotion trauma; there is no time for reflection or sit about and debate in reasonable tones regarding the truth(s) while you feel your humanity draining away mixed with panic, having to face the unknown future all by yourself as anger eats slowly at your fragile soul by being abandoned without





POST



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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

the opportunity, the civil right for any recourse or litigated defense.

I know that this sound rather stupid but when you are 18-years-old and a stranger to having been in any kind of actual, a real relationship; this can/does have a lasting effect on you. This can rather warp your mind and led to you openingly hanging out in the local grave yard...

WINDOW SHOPPING BUBBA?

Looking to buy or just need a timeshare...???

Here is a brochure and please take a glance over at our monthly special...not a bad deal...it ain't like you can take it with you...can ya?





POST



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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

"Want a calendar too...? It is a pinup edition...have a look at Ms. Casket for November...Hubba-Hubba {wink-wink} ...Wouldn't ya like to get buried with that gal... don't ya agree???"

I nodded and explained that I was unemployed (I lied) and the guy lost instant interest and was off the yet another grave site and another potential, future resident of

"SHADY HALLOW"

Where was I...?

OH yea! I was lost in some deep, meaningless, metaphysical ramble because how my girl









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

friend told me that she would rather go back to her old boyfriend who beat her instead of spending yet another day with "a goofy, loser without a clue in how to deal with people." So, I bought her a puppy in a vane attempt and now, it does sound like a rather absurd thought that if we shared a puppy then, we would need to work out our relationship if only for the sake of the puppy...

"FOR THE PUPPY...IF NOTHING ELSE..."

Again, at 18-years-old, that was a rather responsible plan and had I not be raised by wolves, I might have made it work...

I assume you realize what I couldn't at that point in my sojourn; that was an idiot reaction









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

to what should have been "Shake it off! Walk on!"

I get it now but, for many years, I didn't and if I could have afforded therapy (which luckily, I couldn't); I could have wasted a fortune dealing with what elected me to write off the first part of this long-winded tale of FIRST, lost love...

WHATZ?

HOW RUDE, BUBBA!

What do you mean that this has nothing to do with love but, you are saying...it is all about my ego and having lost...?









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

You know...this is the last time I share and open my heart!

What I didn't tell everyone was that your framed picture still remained propped up over on the side counter (there by the door), shining and glittering in the morning's reflective rays, filtered through the dirty glass of the dawn facing window, chairs overturned, crème de mint spilled and spread by an endless series of paced footsteps and now covering most if not all of the rug and wood floor, shuttered, I begged, I'm still (somewhat) in self-denial, hidden away in the soft, remembering of the sad tones to our whispers, spilling out and covering the room much in the same way as the crème de mint, whatever remained, there was nothing worth salvage, in the whole picture and in the lot of our personal collapse, had there be a salvage it would have needed to be priced for quick, a rushed and









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

hurried fire sale, leave nothing hanging, take down all the shelves, turn off the lights, close the doors and test the lock before our final departure with

THE MILITARY CONTAINMENT TEAM...

Drawn into the collection of watercolors that lined the walls farthest away from the windows and the light filtering in from the now rusted and stained window panes, the rays of the morning sun mired, spilled out onto the surrounding, carpeted floor, shadowed images of stale flowers and trinkets seem to whisper out the jaded history that they shared with the guardians, that masters of this vacant domain seemed to have left without much preplanning as you could tell from the overturned chairs at a breakfast









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

table still set and awaiting for its eaters to return, the house looked well used and inviting but, it had been ravaged by owners in a rush to scoop up as much of their lives that could be assembled and carried out by hand or in a backpack.

THE WATERCOLORS, RATHER WELL DONE AND ORIGINAL

seemed to speak to the accent, a bold reflection to the common good of man where evil seemed to be mistakenly misplaced and left out of the glorified plight of the surrounding urban scenery where the inner city poor were not shattered, blinded or robbed of it all, where glory and happiness awaiting them up on or at the next corner, drawn to the back of the vacant apartment by the continued parade of watercolors, all whispered that these









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

people had once had money, they must have stored resources, food, supplies that could not be so easily transported out of the apartment as they fled.

On the back bedroom door was a high grade of thick plastic wrapping that is so expensive since the war and these people had used it

COVERING AND SEALING THE BEDROOM DOOR

you were right that this posed a dilemma because was it protecting some treasure or was it protecting them from whatever was inside the room?

What do you think? Is it worth the risk and if we are wrong to force an entry merely by accepted the door, its owner's pride of personal wealth, ownership, the wall of









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

watercolors (which offered up such a poor and false history of the urban poor and blind to the plight of the poor that suffered so much in these urban area when the war and the disease) and our greed for picking; then we could get more than we expect. Does the disease linger beyond death of its victim? Not being a scientist or having any medical training beyond the needs of basic first aid it was (still) going to be

HARD TO LEAVE THE DOOR UNTOUCHED

Decision made, casting down the rich picking of this heavy gauge plastic down from the sealed door and gently folding it down upon the floor being careful not to tear it more than necessary as this will bring a heavy bounty, in an Apache Dance inspired, a tango









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

two-step bounce up against the sealed and locked door with a solid kick of a steel-toed pair of boots, No remorse, no time for sadness for the lost souls who might have taken refuge in this sealed room awaiting the fall, the end of civilization and here at the teetered edge, now forgotten were all of the prophets who had foretold of this and

WHATEVER AWAITED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

With a splintering crush, the heavy door creaked and then fell open, the knock from the apartment's front door announced that it was time to be leaving, and then the stressed call that they needed to quickly be leaving through the fire escape as something or someone was coming up the hallway from the high-rise's staircase. No time to explore, no









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

It was as they said back in the day,

"TIME TO GET OUT OF DODGE!"

I don't think that anyone has a clue what it really meant but, only that it was a really cool way to say that we had to leave.

No time to savor, there would no time to search the darken room for usable treasure or bartering tools.

Who or whatever was in the hallway was not with them? Could be a small animal, a hungry dog pack or another team of scavenges who would be









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

more than like as well or better armed than his crew.

The only thought was a sad sense of a wasted day as they dashed out and over the broken glass pane in a swift scramble out unto the rusted and unmaintained fire escape.

Descending down several floors and getting closer to the relative safety of the abandon

streets gave a moment to all of the declined invitations, regretted recalls, all looking bad to another empty return to his group of refugees staged right outside the old park and

HOLDING THE HIGH GROUND AROUND THE OLD ZOO

News, bantered around in his crew of maybe another group of refugees were moving into their territory (what the old ones called their turf) shifting their concern of the group's reduced sense of security.









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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

The late afternoon's sky was a moldy scattering collection of gray and hazy clouds, dipping into the gooey haze of the darkening horizon beyond the city's urban core up through the canyon of shattered reminded, slenderized reminded, day seemed all around lost into the gray, lost in the moment, rehashing, recalling the crew's collective thoughts of today's failure, trying to figure out the extreme rhymes, the reasons why, trying to explain (their failure) it all away, neglecting the lost art of forgiving, recalling an old desire for direct, longing for some sort of recourse, not to be the last in line, awaiting the fast, murmurs,

REFLECTIONS SPARK OF WHAT HIS FAILURE MEANT

His uncle, a wise old man when he first remembers him, "forgive, forget, get on with the









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rest," was his uncle's words and how even as a kid standing in breadlines after the first war (with nothing left to lose) he understood the need of such humanity. The scattered clouds grew heavier and drew in fast, filling, spilling into the city's hopefully empty canyons and very quickly descending upon his crew and seemed to be racing them back to the group's staging area around the zoo.

WHERE WERE THE SEEDS OF THE RESENTMENTS TO THE OLD WORLD?

Where had the seeds of revolution (that his uncle had preached) gone?

Had they been recalling, recanting or just dismissed as a second thought?

Had it all been a lie, God is a forgiving soul, not intention upon revenge but, had God did cast all of humanity down to stand before these pits of the hell as are they lives lived









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today. But as his uncle also would say:

"We must refrain from complaints, ignore those who do, a stand tall before the golden gates of Heaven while seeking a back door into mankind's pathway back to the bounty of Eden..."

Turning back off of the heavily littered streets surrounding the park and walking through gate number 8, he cast his eyes down to not look at the tens of thousands of unattended skeletons scattered around the first of the few body processing centers after the disease finally took hold in the city. Through the hills and buttresses of the park were reminders of

THE WORLD GONE MAD



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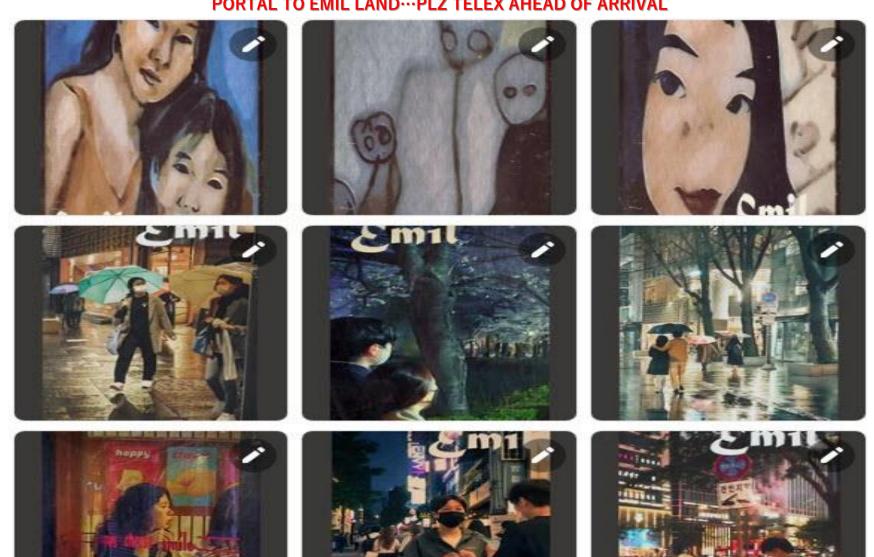
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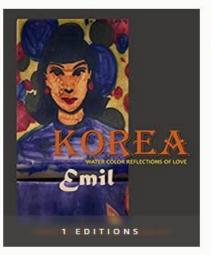


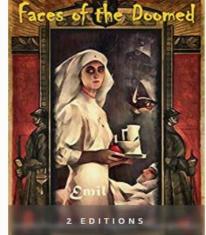
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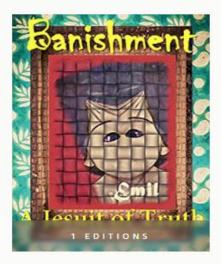














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